We shall find no time more suitable than the present to visit in imagination some of the wonders of the universe beyond our little syssm. No traveller ever dreamed of such a age as we can make, with the Christmas blaze warming our blood and cheering our hearts while our minds wander far away through the nitable, trackless regions of open space and behold suns and worlds, and the germs of them. without end.

Suppose we mount upon a comet which, having visited our sun, and astonished the inhabitants of the solar system with its strange splendor, is flying off into space again to swing around other suns and thread the intricacies other systems-one of those comets that travel in that most wonderful of all paths, a hyperbolic orbit.

A flash, a roar, a breathless rush, and the earth is behind and below us-a shining ball floating in the heavens, variegated by the colthe white expanses of its polar snows! Close by it shines its faithful comrade, the moon, linked with it in the golden chains of the solar empire. Auroral lights tint the earth's glittering poles with rose color, and along its flanks flashes the gleam of the convex ocean reflectvanishes, and the earth shines merely as a faint star, while near it, and growing nearer as we oeds, blases the sun. Around us is the blackness of space. If the comet had an atmosphere, we should have some degree of daylight upon it but without an atmosphere the sunlight that reaches us passes straight on into space, and, with nothing to diffuse it, simply illuminates those objects that it strikes Atractly. If we look at our fellow voyagers we see that that part of their faces which is ward the sun is brilliantly illuminated while all the rest is concealed in black shadow. The sun itself never appeared so wonderful. around it are streams of light which seem to emanate from the solar body, and red flames appear to play upon its edges. Before we had never seen the sun in all its glory, for the glare of its own light in the earth's atmosphere had hidden its marvellous surroundings from our signt. The planets appear as specks of light sireling around their blazing centre of motion no larger in comparison than the sparks that whirl in the eddies of a conflagration.

Still the comet rushes on and on, and the planets disappear and only the sun remains visible of all the solar system, a more star, not so large or brilliant as many others that shine ound us. We may well smile now at the thoughts we formerly entertained of the imensity of our terrestrial dwelling place, and of the seeming improbability that a distant could be the centre of a system of worlds as great as or greater than ours. But the "Zas rahs of creation," the "starry wildernesses" of space, are before us, and the comet stops for aught. On and still on! Centuries flow away like grains of sand slipping through the fingers that seek to grasp them; thousands of years roll over us, and yet the comet verse seem as distant as ever. The sun has hind us so long ago that memory cannot recall old comet once flashed by a tiny speck of rock illuminated by one of the innumerable little suns that it has turned aside to visit; was that the earth? But when was it, and how long ago? Ask an angel. He may be able to tell. Perchance it ceased to exist ages ago, while we were crossing this sea of immensity, and the ephemeral beings that inhabited it have vanished into thin air like bubbles. Let us sleep, measurable space is upon us.

What is this sudden blaze that awakens us Now. Heaven be thanked, the blessed light of a sun is once more in our eyes. The comet has stroyed. As it is, skirting the cluster at a like a bridegroom, is decking himself for the meeting. The solar beams penetrate his cold members, the fire runs through his veins, and out flash the splendors that he has not worn since that time in the misty past when he came in all his giory at Christmas tide and snatched us away from our little rocky home, which then seemed so grand to us. But what are these etary dash into the avenues of this new capi tal of space? Even our great Jupiter would And what sun is this that lights them makes us think we have never seen a to us upon the earth under the name of Vega and that shone in our northern heavens in the constellation that we called the Harp. Astronomers told us that it was at least forty times as romancing. But seeing is believing, only we can hardly get our eyes open in the presence of this gigantic day god. How giorious the il-lumination that it sheds upon the worlds thronging around it, and how different from the daylight we were accustomed to. This sun shines with a splendid bluish light, whose intensity and beauty are beyond the power of expression. The astronomers dwell ing upon its worlds are watching us as we dash through their sky, and a magnificent spectacle we must present, for comet is of the first magnitude, and the normous electric influence of the great sun. into whose presence it has ventured, has vivi-fied it with tenfold splendor. What would those gazing astronomers think if they could eatch sight of us mounted upon this blazing most bounds of their visible heavens? What trange sights should we not behold if we could stop among these worlds and investigate the life and the organization, the fauna and the flore of this magnificent archipelage of the universe? But the comet stops for nothing. It cannot stop. To stop would mean destruc tion in the awful furnace of Vega's fires. Our safety lies in our velocity. We must rest con tent, then, with a bird's-eye view of these beau tiful worlds; and away we dart once more to face the gloom and cold of outer space.

Ages clapse again. Vega with its splendors

omes sa before a star among the stars, and on we go, on, on, on. Millions of millions of miles our track stretches behind us. But what means this swaying from our course? not that the blaze of a nearing sun is absen we should think that the comet was about to swing around another solar centre, and pay a visit to another system of unknown worlds But there is no light pearer than the distant stars. Yet certainly the comet feels the attractive power of some vast body, and obe-diently bends its path toward the invisible source of attraction. What mystery of space is this? Swifter and swifter we go, as when we fell like Lucifer into the blaze of Vega's presence, and still no sun appears. There is no visible cause for our motion. hold! Yonder it is, That huge dark body, faintly visible in the ashy light the stars, what can it be? It is corpse of a sun. Millions of years ago it shone in its splendor, making joy and and then moves outward again and slowly light in all this region round it. Perhaps at leaves the nebula like a faint cloud behind it. ago it shone in its splendor, making joy and

that Christmas time so long ago, when we listened to the siren voice of this wandering comet and flew away with it to behold the wonders of space, that dead sun was one of the stars that glittered in our sky and shattered its tiny javelins of light upon the snow crust of clod in space. And its worlds? Ah! here they are, gray and dead, too, and crowding around it as they did when it was still able to warm and illuminate them. The tides of life have ceased to flow throughout all this once beautiful system, the tremor of atomic forces is over, and eternal stillness has claimed its own. This is a sorry visit that our comet is paying to reminded of the inevitable fate of all thingsworlds and suns as well as men and nations.

Yet in the midst of death we are surrounded by the potencies and possibilities of life. As we are in the act of making our perihelion passage around the extinguished sun, whose attraction has drawn us aside from our journey, we become aware of the fact that we are in the presence of another enormous dark body. another dead sun, and that the two are rushing together with the velocity of destruction. We are about to behold, nay, to be present at one of those rare and most marvellous phenomena of the universe, the collision of two vast bodies in space. With a firmament-shaking crash they meet, and meeting, melt, with all their rocky ribs, like the morning dew in the flerce gush of heat that springs from their arrested motion. They fuse, they liquefy, they boil, they burst into steam and vapor; they expand tenfold, a thousand fold, in volume. The eyes are blinded, the starry heavens are blotted from sight, a new and terrific life has burst into bloom in this place of the dead. The awful struggle of atomic forces, of heat, of gravitation, has been resumed here, not to cease again for millions of ages. Those immense solid bodies that met in awful collision have been transformed, like magic, into a nebulous mass whose hot vapors now envelop us and expand over milliards of cubic miles. Such a cosmical us, it was that caused the sudden outburst of a new star which surprised the world in 1572. And if we were now upon the earth and looking toward this quarter of the heavens we should. doubtless, be discussing the appearance of another new star. Thus does the history of creation, as well as the history of humanity, repeat itself. The destruction of the whose attraction drew our comet aside. and its transformation into a vast vaporous mass, as well as the perturbations introduced into our motion by the presence just before the collision of a second enormous attracting body. have put us into some peril and completely changed the direction of our flight. But for the great original velocity of the comet we might have been involved in the destruction. But, fortunately, we are able to wing our way out of the chaos, and continue our journey in open ed by the measure of time our comet has accustomed us to-we leave the new-formed nebula behind us, showing as a misty speck in the black sky, until, with increasing distance, it fades from sight.

Once again a vast interval of time elapses For millions of years we are swallowed up in the deeps of space. Another sun-seeking comet approaches us, and, like ships meeting in nidocean, we draw closer together and slight ly alter our courses under the effects of mutual attraction, and then speed on once more with an everiasting farewell. Now and again a little meteoric body, a dust speck of space, wearled with its ceaseless roving, drops to rest upon the comet's bosom. At last there is a brightenshining increases to a blaze. We are drawing near to another great centre. Yet, behold it is not one sun that attracts us, but thousands! It is a sun cluster that we are now going to visit, one of those magnificent solar gatherings that we used to admire from the earth in the glowing constellation of Sagittarius. A sphere of suns! How they glitter and scintillate and blaze and best down our eyelids with unbearable light. Ten thousand suns, shining to in the everlasting bonds of gravitation and blazing in inconceivable rivalry! To behold such a spectacle is worth a journey from the furthest shore of the universe.

But here, again, there is peril for our comet. If its course lies within that sphere it can never escape. Luckily for us it lies without. The whole cluster serves as its focus of attraction, and it swings around it, keeping at a vast distance, yet near enough to give us a glimpse of the splendors within. If we had gone nearer labrynth of attractions in the cluster, but its from one another by thousands of millions of miles, would have appeared so far apart that the ensemble of the scene would have been degreat distance, we behold it in its full glory, catching a glimpse of the perpetual daylight that prevails within it, and seeing with the mind's eye the favored worlds that batha therein. Then it fades from view, and we are off for fresh adventures.

A vast time and space consuming interval brings us, at length, to the outskirts of a system more marvellous in many respects than anything we have yet seen. Out of the yawning abyss we have shot into the neighporhood of the enormous nebula that terrestial astronomers have admired and wondered at under the name of the Great Magellanic Cloud. Here, spread before our astonished eyes, is a universe in itself, and such a universe! Extending beyond the reach of the eyesight, beyond the grasp of the mind, is a congeries, an agglomeration of nebulæ of every conceivable form and nature, and of stars that shine singly, in doubles, and in blazing clusters. As we gaze down into the glowing depths and up to the immeasurable glittering heights of this mass of formed and unformed matter, where the blaze of thousands of completed suns mingles with the misty thousands more yet unborn, and reflect that the crowning giory of all this creation is intelligent life, we are reminded of the utterance of a great mind that had its dwelling place upon our little earth and looked off far into the depths and the mysteries of space and time: I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser

My feet strike an apex of the spices of the stairs. bee of ages and larger bunches be-

tween the steps.

All below duly travelled, and still I mount and mount. Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me. Afar down I see the huge first Nothing. I knew I was

even there.

(waited unseen and siways, and slept through the lethargic mist.

And took my time, and took no hurt from the feted

Our comet penetrates the misty depths of an outlying nebular cloud belonging to this marvellous system, under the influence of some sun within: and here we find ourselves plunged which, in obedience to laws that are equally potent and irresistible from one end of the universe to the other, must in time associate themselves into organized bodies, and enclose with delicate environment the precincts of conscious life. We are running another fearful risk, but we have faced so many perils that we are becoming hardened to them. In rushing through the nebula the comet experiences a resistance to its motion which, if long enough continued, will end by bringing it down upon the mysterious sun whose attraction has drawn it into this realm of chaos. And presently we see that the sun whose attraction has us in its grasp is situated at the centre of the nebula into which we have plunged. It is clear that it is slowly drawing to itself all the nebu-lar matter around it. Whether any of that matter will escape condensation into the cen-tral sun and so form planets is a question that

we cannot determine in the comparatively brief

period of our visit. The comet ploughs its way

leaving a silvery wake in the ocean of atoms,

along with increasing speed.

All the marvels of the system of which this particular nebula was, as we have said, but an outlier, gradually grow fainter to the view as once more we sweep out into the emptiness of space.

Our course now lies in such a direction that

it is certain we shall, if we keep on, pass be-

yond the regions into which the most powerful of terrestrial telescopes have been able to panse of-what shall we call it?-that bounds the visible universe. The stars and star clus-ters, the nebulæ and all the celestial systems within reach of human eyesight, belong to one grand cosmical system or universe. But there eyesight ends; beyond only "darkness is visible." What is outside? Do other universes lie beyond? If our comet continues in its present course we are likely to solve these questions. Already we have arrived at the frontiers. Heretofore wherever we have wandered the starry heavens have been all about us. The stars and the nebulæ have seemed illimitably distant; it has required thousands and millions of years for us to pass from one to another, yet all the time we have been in the midst of them. Now this is changed. We begin to perceive that we are leaving them behind us and breasting our way into a black sea of nothingness which encompasses them. Now they are all on one side of us and becoming smaller and fainter, drawing apparently closer together, as the shipping in a harbor contracts to the eyes that watch it from Richter's "Dream of the Universe." and, like "tremble at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here begins to imprison the creation. Columbus's sailors were frightened by the unknown and mysterious ocean before themmere film upon a speck of rock. How insig-nificant their terror seems in comparison with ness we look back longingly to the fading galaxy behind us, now become only a gleam of trembling light. We cry out to return homenot to the earth, for that has probably perished, and it would seem a petty dwelling place for us now, but to that starry universe in which we were born. This outer expanse, this infinite rayless gulf of nothingness, overpowers us. drowning man: thought itself is stiffed

But there is hope. Surely the comet is turning. Is not the distant gleam of our lost firms ment dimly visible again? Yes, and it brightens-slowly with age-long steps, yet it does brighten. We are homeward bound! We shall not be swallowed up in darkness, but shall see stars and suns and smiling planets again.

of the universe, how glorious appears the shin ing of that great star whose attraction is evidently the chief impulse of our motion, which has reached out a strong hand to us, as if it had heard our despairing cry and pitied us los ones! We recognize it: it is the glory of the already the stars are about us once more. W have passed the sentinels; the frontiers enclose us, the peopled universe enwraps us Faster we go, and the comet, awakening to life, begins to trail behind the waxing splendors of its train.

The throbbing energies of mighty Sirius thrill it with electric force. Never has it appeared so splendid. We dart in among the thronging planets of this wondrous sun, and feel the stupendous power of its radiation as we swing around it. But what means this? We are no longer travelling in a hyperbolic or even a parabolic path. The comet's track has become an ellipse! It is a prisoner to Sirius. around which it must henceforth revolve for ever! We are lost after so many escapes! But no, not lost. Our little solar system enjoys no longer the light of its pigmy sun, and we who have comprehended the glories of the universe, would not wish to return to it. We are not universe that gave us birth, and our comet has become a satellite of its grandest sun.

Yet, never shall we forget how splendid home the little earth was in Christmas time.

CLASS HATS AT CORNELL Some of the Sweet Girls in Sage College Look Very Fine in Them.

ITHACA, Dec. 24.-Now that the freshmen of Cornell have just adopted a class hat, it is safe to say that not since the university has been founded have there been so many varieties of headgear seen in this region. The variegated hues of the different hats cover

nearly every color of the rainbow while the shapes are differentiated like manner. The most common form of hat at Cornel when the students are out on social calls, is the ordinary cady, or Derhalts. A- rying from square

to bell-shaped. But when one thousand students are engaged in university work, the different hats may be seen in all their beauty and glory. The scene is all the more impressive and pleasing because of the fact that the young ladies of Bage College also don their respective class hats lege also don their respective case hats. Thus loveliness itself walks abroad under tessellated tints and tassels, which gives to the campus a most striking appearance. The hat most worn by post graduates is the ordinary black slik hat, which is supposed to

signify an elevated position. This is shown by picture.

The senior hat is the Oxford mortar board, and is the exact counterpart of the one worn by Bishop Potter on state occasions. The long tassel is black, as is also the button. The cut shows it as worn by a Sage on. The cut shows t as worn by a Sage College lady student of the fourth year.

The junior class hat is exactly like the senior mortar board, with the exception that the

BENIOR, BLACE TARREL; ception that the Juston Fearle.
color of the tassel is purple instead of black.
The button on the top piece, however, is black.
The sophomore class hat is the most stunning of all the class hats in vogue—at least, the



silan round top.

The freehman hat is modelled somewhat after the upper-class hat. The head piece is like that of the Oxford hat (mortar board), except that it does not cover so much of the head. Upon the crown, which is black in color, a square piece of padded black broadcloth is fastened, so that the four corners of the top piece shall hang over the hoad piece. Then to the centre of this top is fastened a plush button, royal purple in color, with a tassel pendant which, in order to make up the class solors for the hat is of a dark shade of old gold.

to make up the class polors for the hat, is of a dark shade of old gold. He Couldn't Afford It.

A mother was urging her son to purchase an "Yerr well, then," said she, "You will get pneumonia, see if you don't." I won't get that either; I can't afford anything new." THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXEL-

This is the third annual exhibition of the Architectural League, but the first which it The managers have tried, therefore, to make it attractive to the public by widening its range. The two largest rooms of the Ortgies gallery on the Fifth avenue are devoted to archi tects' drawings and representations of historic buildings, while the third is filled with stuffs and carvings, with pictures and sculptured reliefs. Almost all of these are appropriately in place, as designed with reference to arch ectural surroundings, and the few of which this cannot be said are intrinsically so attractive that no one will cavil at their presence.

Mr. St. Gaudens and Mr. La Farge divide he honors of the third room between them. Mr. St. Gaudena's relief of two children and a dog was exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum two years ago, but can hardly be seen too often. while his full-length of Dr. Bellows will be new o most people, as the bronze hangs in the Unitarian church on the Fourth avenue. It is needless to praise it, and as needless to praise Mr. La Farge's incomparable water colors, some showing Japanese buildings and landscapes, others being designs for works in sketches for the great picture of the Ascension upon which he is now engaged. If this picture turns out as well as the sketches promise, the congregation of the Church of the Ascension will own the most beautiful as well as most ambitious painting an American hand has yet created. If the hand of some old master had signed Mr. La Farge's sketches, there is little that exists in art which would be prized above them. Look, for instance, at the lovely study of a flying angel in pale green robes; where can we find more perfect color, greater purity, depth, and individuality of feeling? It is a comfort to think that some day Mr. La Farge will be an old master in his turn, and that the public will then appreciate him as only a few do today. Mr. Blashfield's studies from ancient buildings in Italy and Greece have entire truth to facts and much strength in execution to recommend them. Mr. John Johnston's little water-color copies after Tintoretto reproduce both the effect and the feeling of their originals in a quite remarkable way. Mr. Poynter's design for a frieze on a piano is interesting, but does not show the originality which marks the best American works around it. A study by Baudry is more impressive, but on the other hand, the decorative work of the French painter Galland has a strikingly crude and repellant effect. Nothing could be more entirely unconnected with architecture than Mr. Albert Ryder's little poems in color, but they are welcome for their own sake, as are Mr. Low's original drawings for his "Odes and Sonnets of Keats." In general, these drawings show Mr. Low's talent to even better advantage than the published reproductions, but they also reveal with greater distinctness the singular slips he sometimes makes. It is difficult to be lieve that the same man who drew the best of them also drew the worst-the amateurish little figure with the impossible hands which serves as a tail piece to the book.

Turning to the architectural exhibition

proper, it seems, in certain points, inferior in

interest to last season's. It was too much to

expect that any drawings should compare in

interest with those for Richardson's unexe-cuted cathedral, which were then exhibited. But it was natural to hope for some more of Mr. Stanford White's delightful little water colors, and of the brilliant drawings and beautiful water colors which Mr. Mead of Boston dred while they were travelling abroad as holders of Rotch travelling scholarships. Judged for exquisite draughtsmanship of a purely architectural sort, the best thing in the current exhibition is Mr. Bacon's sheet of Turkish or namental details. But our younger architects as a whole show a remarkable ability in this direction, and in presenting their own work they reveal a growing mastery over the art of design as well as the art of conveying designs. The country houses of Mr. George M. Huss are especially charming, and the more difficult task of composing lofty city buildings has found many hands to deal well with it. The Montreal building for the New York Life Insurance Company of Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard is a striking success in this direction. and many observers will prefer the design submitted by these artists in competition for a similar structure in Kansas City to that by Massrs, McKim, Mead & White, which the owners selected. The latter is extremely good in many parts, but the portion of the front which between far-pro wings in the wish for adequate lighting is so narrow that the composition has a somewhat cramped and ill-proportioned air. Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's design for the new Madison Square Garden will be of more vital interest to New Yorkers. The tower promises to be a superb feature, but one awaits its execution to decide whether it will be adequately supported by the low and rather poor-looking nass of the main building. Mr. Bruce Price's two designs for a large railroad station have each points of interest, but it is amusing to see how much too large for the structure the tower is in the one, how much too small in the other A series of very large and effective drawings by Mr. Robert Blum represent the immense A Hastings have just built at St. Augustine. With its walls of white plaster and red brick, ts tiled roof and semi-Moorish decoration, and the varied distribution of its masses, it is emiently picturesque, and doubtless is well adapt-

unlike these designs than the big city buildings already cited, and nothing more unlike both than Messrs, McKim Mead & White's exquisitely perfect little library building in the purest Neo-Grec style.

Mr. Richard M. Hunt, as the guest of honor at the reception which opened the exhibition. was asked to send some of his drawings, and by a peculiarly graceful act chose some which he had executed while himself as young as his hosts of to-day. They include studies for that portion of the Louvre in Paris upon which he worked under Lefuel, and certain essays made in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and have great intrinsic as well as historic interest. Near them hang a group of drawings by Turner and Ruskin—one of the latter being a beautiful color study from St. Mark's in Venice—and at the other end of the room are a quantity of Mr. Pennell's drawings from the English cathedrais. As reproduced in the Century Magazine, they have been most impressive in their singular combination of truth to architectural facts

ed to its surroundings, while a nearer examina-

tion of the plan seems to prove it admirably

adapted to its purpose. Certainly, American

architecture is not running in a narrow rut,

despite the evident preponderance of a love for Romanesque forms. Nothing could be more

they have been most impressive in their singuiar combination of truth to architectural facts with pictorial consciousness and charm; as here seen in very much larger size, their qualities are still more surprising. Some of them are interiors, some exteriors; some are in pen and ink, some in washes; some of them are near and some are very distant views; but in all there is shown the same intelligence in choosing effective points of view, and the same power of really portraying the structure while making a picture that is beautiful as such. They are as strong as they are delicate, as attractive to the casual as instructive togthe careful observer.

It is impossible to note all the good things in the rooms, or sil those which, while not so good, have points of interest and promise. Only a word or two more can be given to the drawings sent in competition for the prize medal of the year. The problem was, "a memorial clock tower on a village green." Almost sil the essays show fertility of invention and commendable skill in draughtsmanshp, and some of them also evince much good taste and reticence in treatment. But over-ambitious ideas are far too numerous. Many schemes would be more appropriate had something in the nature of a Grant monument been proposed. That the jury made appropriateness in idea the chief test of merit is shown by its award of the medal to Mr. James McCleed of Milwaukee, whose design is much simpler and more modest than any of the others. With its four open, round arches, its low walls of field stones, and its rustic-looking roof, it is as charming in effect as suitable in conception. On the whole, the exhibition does credit to the energy of its managers and to the ability of the profession; and it is to be hoped that when the "Christmas rush" is over the public will show a proper desired in tearers in its castents.

The object was to get everything cheap, and to work every man to the limit. My station building was little better than a shed, and it was impossible to get any repairs or improvements. I was required to act as telegraph operator, ticket sellor, freight agent, switchman, chore boy, and all else, and did not have an hour I could call my own. I had a cot in the office, and was on call during the night. Let 'em sound my call while I was in the deposet sleep and inside of twenty seconds I was ready to answer. I should have had a first-class assistant at my station, but the company would not permit it. I must either do the work alone or get out for some one who could and would, and so I kept hanging on month after month and year after year, always thinking about going, but never making up my mind to it. The situation was grave enough to keep my nerves under a constant strain. Train despatching was not the art it is now, and if a regular got behind her time it caused confusion all along the line.

"One of the queer incidents occurred after I had had the station about two years. It was in the fall of the year, with a great deal of masty weather, and trains were continually late. The last passenger train on our roat passed me, according to schedule, at 10% I. M. The next one passed at 7.20 A. M. and it was supposed in the interight was on time, and if 1 did not get a call on the instrument, and if there was no special on the line, and if a dozen other things did not occurred that my sleep was unbroken five nights in a year. On all other nights I was turned out from one to three or four times. The night freight should reach me at 12:05—71e w minutes after midnight. She never left nor took up a car at my station, leaving that for the day freight, but made a stop of seven or eight minutes for coal and water. If there was a special on the line, or if there had been an accident, the freight might have to side-track and wait, but such a thing was rare.

"As a rule, I was always asleep when the freight came in the low and the

and fast asleep or dead. At that same moment the passenger train on the other road whistled for the crossing.

"I am telling you, sir, that I lived a year for every minute in the next five or six. I knew very little about an engine, though I had seen how they were reversed and how the throttle was worked. If anything was done I must do it, and do it quickly. Why I did not bull ahead I do not know. It struck me that I must back up, and I flung over the bar, gave her steam, and she bogan to move. The steam had run down, and we moved at a snail's pace, and even when I pulled her wide open the engine scarcely had power to back the heavy train. We did move, however, although it was foot by foot. I could hear the roar of the passenger train, and I knew that every second was hastening a terrible calamity, but I did not leave the engine. Back! back! back! we crawled, and of a sudden a great light flashed in my eyes, there was a crash, and I saw ears moving in front of me and disappearing into the darkness. What had happened? Well.! I had backed the freight until the locomotive of the passenger train only carried away the pilot as it crossed our line. That was all the damage done, and no passenger had a suspicion of his narrow escape from an awful smash-up.

"When the train had disappeared and I could realize the situation, I began to investigate. I ran back to the caboose, but no one was to be found. I shouted and screamed, but soon

realize the situation, I began to investigate. I ran back to the choose, but no one was to be found. I shouted and screamed, but soon found that I was all alone. Then, climbing book in the I was all alone. Then, climbing book in the I was all alone. Then, climbing book in the I was all alone. Then, climbing book in the I was all alone. Then, climbing book in the I was all alone in the I was alone in I was alone in the I was alone in I was

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAL.

A Railread Man has Some Remarkable
Experience in the Line of Buty.

"I was," said the man with the wooden lies, "station agont on the B. and B. Railroad for a good many years, and several things occurred there which were the talk of the line and which you may find literesting enough to publish. My station was both insignificant and important. While it was only a hamlet in population, it was a railroad crossing. While every train seemed to be in a hurry to get away as fast as possible, all engines had to take water or coal, and various trains had to pull in on the long siding to let various other trains pass.

"The object was to get everything cheap, and to work every man to the limit. My station building was little better than a shed, and it was impossible to get any repairs or improvements. I was required to act as telegraph operator, tick-at than a shed, and it was impossible to get any repairs or improvements. I was required to act as telegraph operator, tick-at than a shed, and all else, and did not have an hour I could call my own. I had a cot in the office, and was on call during the night. Let 'em sound my station building was little better than a shed, and it was impossible of two was required to act as telegraph operator, tick-at the state was to get everything cheap, and all else, and did not have an hour I could call my own. I had a cot in the office, and was on call during the night. Let 'em sound my station building was little better than a shed, and it was impossible of twenty seconds I was ready to answer. If we way, I made a stinule and the wood of the line of the made of the work alone of get out to should not be found. I was an odd thing to long, but never man to the limit. I make the way it had been let the found. I was an odd thing to long, but never man to the limit. I make the way it had been letter than a shed, and it was limited better tha

BIRDS THAT HAVE THEIR SAY. Erndite French Parrets-Chattering Ornithelegical Geniuses-A Devout Bird.

From La Nature.

Ernelite French Parrets—Chattering Ornith—elegical Geniuscs—A Devent Bird.

Prom La Nature.

An exhibition of educated parrots recently held in Paris showed very clearly to what a high state of perfection these birds are capable of being trained. Their stage was a long table, at one end of which were perches, on which were grouped half a dozen parrots. Four of these were cookatoos—white, with yellow crests; the other two were gray parrots, with the neck and under paris rose color.

Among the tricks which they perform at the bidding of their owner, M. Abdy, are the following: Two fixed bars on upright supports are placed on the table; a parrot climbs upon one of them. turns a somersault, keeps his head downward, and, passing on to the second bar, goes through the same exercise. Their owner then calls Tom, a small white parrot, who comes toward him as if about to climb on one of the bars, but runs back again, holding down his head and shaking his wings in a grotesque way. Tom is evidently the buffoon of the troupe. A bell is then brought, with a handle which forms a lever; a parrot advances, and putting one foot on the lever, rings the bell. The trainer asks the audience what number of rings they wish for; some one exciaims, "Seven" and the parrot rings the bell seven times. The bird is then asked how much does three times three make, and it replies by ringing the bell in the form of a see-saw, at each end of which a gray parrot perches, and in the centre, just above the pivot, jumps a magnificent white parrot named Charley, the principal one in the troupe. This parrot, throwing the weight of his body successively to right and left of the pivot, rocks the see-saw areadly. To see the pivot, rocks the see-saw randly. To see the pivot rocking his companions.

The same bird then goes through another exercise. Four flagstaffs are set up on the table, and charley is again brought forward,

hold this one in the cage here (pointing to a fine specimen on a perch near by) at \$12."

"These are unusual figures, then?"
"Oh, yes. We sold the \$150 parrot partly on its merits and partly because it bore a strong resemblance to the recently deceased pet of an old lady on Spring Garden street, who was as fond of her bird as though it had been her daughter. But it was a bright parrot, could whistie like a flute, and knew half a dozon such tunes as 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.' Yankee Doodle.' Over the Fence is Out.' and 'The Old Man's Drunk Again.' The latter tune it learned from its last mistress, along with saudry profane expressions, which cut down its value at least \$50. A parrot that would spit out half a dozon tunes without a cuss word, say 'Good night' and 'Good morning' at the proper times, and would not fight with the house cat, would, in the prosent condition of the market, fetch \$250."

"Is the parrot market cornered?"

"Oh, no, That was tried once, and a New York firm bought up all the talking parrots in the country quietly, at fair prices, and waited for a big rise. Just as the corner was about to succeed two vessels sailed into New York harbor with several hundred birds on board, and the pool was broken, the syndicate losing over \$100,000 on the deal.

"But that was not so queer as the bad luck of a Captain who brought over a hundred or more parrots in 1884. He left kilo about two months before the Presidential election. The Captain was cock-sure of Biaine's election, and thought that he would make a "spec" by teaching the birds to say 'Hurrah for Biaine. The saltors were busy during the entire voyage instruction the birds in this single sentence. When the vessel arrived Cleveland had been elected and the parrots were a dead loss. The Captain didn't get enough to pay first cost."

"Well. Cubain parrots seel for \$5 to \$15, and Brazulian parrots from \$20 to \$125. These are double the prices which have been prevailing. The result is due to a limited supply and a brisk demand. Parrots are great pets, and a

and attentive to its daily prayers as any memor of the family.

From the Bugale Courier.

There is a lady up town who wants a parrot. She thinks it would be a nice Christmas present for her. She wants one about five or six months old—one that doesn't know anything yet, but which is willing to learn. It is a deal easier to teach a parrot than to unteach one. There once was a parrot which had a lively faculty of saying "Johany, get your gun," when a strange lady entered the room. This wasn't at all encouraging, especially if the comer had cause to suspect that she was not young nor good looking. Parrots are like tooth brushes; one wants to have one's own. This up-town lady, it is alleged has no baby. She must have something to talk to between times, and therefore wants a parrot. Well, she might get something less pliant. A parrot she could teach what she likes, and should he talk back too much she could shut him up.

From the Sector Affection.

Justice Jaunasch of Kalmazoo, Mich., has a parrot that he wouldn't sell for its weight in silver. On five different occasions has this intelligent bird saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unfastened, but when he opened it the parrot asked in a stern and harsh voice: "Hello, there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't answer, but fell over himself in his desperate effort to get away.

ABOLITIONISTS AND DISUNTONISTS.

Ell Thayer Still has a Word About Thom. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In your edition of Sunday, Dec. 11, "An Old Abothe Garrison disunionists, of whom he claims to be a representative. He also claims that John Quincy Adams was one of the same school, and asks if I call him an Anarchist. It will save all confusion and put this matter in its true light to allow Mr. Adams to speak for himself. I quote from his diary:

September, 1837.—Lundy and the Abolitionists generally are constantly urging me to indiscreet movements, which would ruin me and weaken and not strengthen

great apprehensions for the Union, and deep concern at the violence of the abolition spirit. * * The result of their interposition has been hitherto mischlevous and, I believe, injurious to their own cause. September, 1838.—But this, I suppose, emanates from

the enthusiasm of anti-slavery, not yet refrigurated, as with the great mass of abolitionists it has been, by the dampers which I have get upon their senseless and overbearing clamor for the immediate, total, uncom-pensated abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. pensated abolition of slavery in the District of Cotumbia.
August, 1840.—Carrison and the non-resistant abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat Democrata, phresology
and animal magnetism all come is, furnishing each
some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling cauldron of religion and solitics.

Here are a few of the many rebukes given the Garrison Abolitionists by John Quincy Adams. Were I now to quote their abuse of him there would appear a gulf between him and them wider than the one which separates Lazarus

from Dives.
Salmon P. Chase, quoted by "O. A." as a disunionionist, illustrated his loyalty to the Constitution and the Union by public acts and

Constitution and the Union by public acts and speeches during his whole life. Every intelligent person knows this.

The quotations from Wendell Phillips's Tabernacle speech, advocating the secession of Missachusetts from the Union, and saying there was no power in the Government to corece her. is a good sample of his statesmanship; but, in the light of what has occurred since, too ridiculous to merit anything but contempt.

Mr. "O. A." acknowledges that the Garrison disunionists had no faith in the success of the

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Mr. "O. A." acknowledges that the Garrison disunionists had no faith in the success of the Emigrant Aid Company in colonizing Ramess, but says that they did not deplore the result. They were resigned. A clergyman once called upon a Dutchman to condole with him upon the recent loss of his wife. He inquired: "Was your wife resigned?" The Dutchman replied: "Vat else could she be airstry?"

The slaveholders, too, accepted the result. and began the work which the Abolitionists had been advocating for a quarter of a century. The Abolitionists had lought as flerely as they to make Kansas a slave State. Both were defeated by the Emigrant Aid Company. The Abolitionists ondeavored to make a slave State of Kansas in order to increase the number of disunionists in the North, with the hope thereby of securing Northern secession. The South fought to make Kansas a slave State so as to be able to control the Government of the country for centuries to come. They lost Kansas, and with that all hope of political power in the future. They knew that they could never make sanother slave State, and that the old slave states, circumscribed and pressed upon by immigration from the North, already begun in Virginia, would soon become free. This caused the secession movement and the overthrow of slavery "as a military necessity." So now, through the action of the Emigrant Aid Company, we have a free and united country. But these Garrison disunionists, who never did a single act tending to this result, and who incessantly opposed the only agency which could accomplish it, have been posing ever since the war as the men who achieved this grand triumph of freedom. The present generation know very little of the estimation is which they were held by patriotic men of all parties thirty years ago. It would require volumes to contain the editorial condemnation of this fraternity of mountebanks, which can be found in all the leading journals of the country, both secular and religious. I cannot,

several sitters of the alphabet are placed up several sitters of the alphabet are placed up several sitters of the alphabet are placed up several sitters of the state of the

they be sestained? Insidelity makes a great outery about its philanthropy, but religion does the work.

The above are among the most moderate denunciations of Garrison & Co. by the American press. A thousand volumes could be gathered from the files of contemporaneous publications, faithfully presenting the almost unanimous sentiment of the States. North and South. That sentiment was just, and was based in right, reason, and true patriotism. The Whig and Democratic parties, however much they might differ upon other matters, were united in denouncing the monomeniacs as parricidal fiends and traitors. They avoided them as lepers. They know that their touch was contagion and their friendship nolitical death.

If "O. A." had been reared in a different school, perhaps he might see the needless insults in his last paragraph. Without the courage to write over his own name, he first from his ambush his paper peliets. But what else can be expected from a disciple of Garrison? For nearly fifty years it has been the practice of his masters to exhibit in their writings and speeches the manners of cowboys, without their courage, and the temper of fishwomes, without their honesty.

Workester, Dec. 22.

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